

Children's Sermon

The Eagle's Nest.

By Rev. Stuart Nye Hutchison.

As the eagle stirreth up her nest. Deuteronomy 32:11.

Moses, who was the author of the book of Deuteronomy, had lived many years of his life in the wilderness, and among the mountains. He knew something of the habits of the wild animals and the birds. No doubt he had often seen the great eagles circling about the mountains and searching for food to carry off to their little ones. The eagle, you know, makes her nest in the rocks far up in the tops of the mountains. She makes the nest of thorns, and over the thorns she puts some very soft wool or down. There in the nest the eagle lays her eggs, and there they are hatched, and there they stay. By and by it is time for the little eagles to fly. What do you think the old eagle does then? She goes to the nest and with her great talons she tears off the soft down and wool, so that the sharp thorns prick the little birds and they have to fly away to get away from the thorns. But that is not all that the old eagle does. When the little eagle tumbles out of the nest to get away from the rough, sharp thorns, she gets under him with her great powerful wings so that he cannot fall, and helps him to fly.

Now it seems pretty hard for the old eagle to tear up the pretty nest that is so warm and comfortable, so that the thorns hurt the little bird, but she has to do it if the little ones are ever to learn to fly. She hurts them because she wants to help them and make them strong.

Now our fathers and mothers have to do that sometimes. There was a father and mother who had one son whom they loved more than anything else in all the world. They had a beautiful home and this boy had every-

thing that his heart could wish for. One day when he was not a little boy any longer, his father said to the mother, "If we keep our boy here always and take care of him and let him have his own way as he always has, he will never learn to make his own way in the world. He will never be a strong man. I think it is about time that we make him start out for himself."

So the very next day the father called to the boy and told him that he was a man now, and it was time that he was earning his own living. So he found him a position and made him take care of himself.

Maybe that boy thought when the father sent him out to make his own way that he did not love him any more. But it was just because he did love him so that he did it. He was like the eagle that stirs up the nest so that the little ones will learn to fly.

God does the same thing to us sometimes. When we are happy and contented and everything is going so smoothly, God sends trouble and sorrow and disappointment to us. We think that He does not love us. But it is because He does love us that He does it. He wants to make us strong and good.

I heard a great man say not very long ago that all the very best things that he had learned in life had come to him through his sorrows. As the eagle stirred up the nest, so God came to him and made him leave his selfishness and ease and fly away to bigger and better things.

When the little eagles grow big and strong then they thank the old mother eagle for making them fly for themselves. And by and by when we know more we will be glad that our fathers and mothers, and the good God who loves us, makes it hard for us sometimes.

Norfolk, Va.

run a race with Boly, the dog. At last, tired out, they sat down on a log under a cherry tree.

"I say," said Roger, "let's eat some cherries. I can reach 'em."

"You'd better not. They're only sour cherries, and grandma wants 'em for jam. Anyway, I can't eat 'em."

"Why? 'Fraid?" asked Roger.

"No, I'm not 'fraid, either. Mother says I can't eat 'em, 'cause I was sick."

"Sick. Who's goin' to get sick eating cherries? I'm going to have some, but you needn't, if you're 'fraid!"

"I'm not 'fraid, either, Roger Coult! So, there!"

By that time Roger was up the tree. "They're good. Want some, Bet?" and Roger threw down a bunch.

They did look good. Mother surely wouldn't care if she ate just one. So Betty slowly put a cherry into her mouth. Then, somehow, Betty never could tell just how, the rest of the bunch was eaten; and by the time the dinner bell rang, both Betty and Roger had left a big heap of pits at the foot of the tree.

After dinner Uncle Will asked, "Who wants a ride?"

"I do!" cried Betty. Grandmother and mother could not go, and Roger wanted to watch the men thrash oats, so Betty and Uncle Will soon were rolling along the country roads. Betty liked to go fast and feel the wind in her face. She enjoyed every minute

of the long ride, until, suddenly, she began to feel ill. What could be the matter? What could have made her feel bad? Then Betty remembered. Oh, if she only hadn't eaten those cherries! Poor Betty. What should she do? She didn't want to tell Uncle Will and spoil the ride. But at last she felt so bad that she had to tell.

"O, Uncle Will!" she cried, "I'm so sick!"

"Why—why—what's the matter? You poor child! Why didn't you tell me before?" and kind Uncle Will wrapped his coat around Betty, and then started the car toward home. How fast they went! Poor Betty!

When they reached home Uncle Will tenderly lifted her out and carried her into the house. Then mother gave her some medicine, and by and by she grew easier.

"I can't see what made the child ill. She's been such a good little thing about leaving the fruit alone," said grandmother.

Oh, how ashamed Betty was! Her cheeks burned!

"I—wasn't," she said. "I ate—some cherries."

"Cherries!" said mother. "Where did you get them?"

"Off the little tree by the gate," came very low.

"I made her eat 'em," said a voice from the hall. Roger was almost ill himself, he felt so sorry about Betty.

"I guess she's had her punishment," said

Uncle Will. And that night, when she felt better, Betty climbed out of her little bed, and knelt down and asked God to keep her from ever, ever again giving way to temptation.—Westminster Teacher.

Children's Letters

Dear Presbyterian: I received the doll. I think she is very pretty. We both had a nice Christmas. I thank the Presbyterian of the South ever so much.

Yours truly,
Umatilla, Fla. Nannie Harris.

Dear Presbyterian: This is my first letter to you. I am thirteen years old and am in the sixth grade at school. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday it is good weather and if I am not sick. My grandpa has a Bible he carried all through the Civil war. He did not do much fighting but tended to the horses. The Bible was made in 1816 and it is now one hundred years old. I am your unknown friend, Waelder, Texas. Eleanor McMillan.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little boy nine years old. I go to school every day and to Sunday-school every day I can. I am in the third and fourth grade. I am an Episcopalian but came from Florida, but I am in South Carolina with my aunts, who go to the Presbyterian Church, and I go to their Sunday-school. I want to surprise my grandfather and my aunts. My mother is dead. I hope you will publish my letter, for this is my first one. Your little friend, Mayesville, S. C. Francis J. Warren.

Dear Presbyterian: I have had a nice Xmas. This is my second letter to you. I wrote one last summer. I go to the Ginter Park School. I am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Rawlings. I like her fine. She is just as pretty as she can be. She dresses a lot too. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Wm. Megginson. But she has gone away. There are only four in our class. I have been playing in the snow all evening. Please publish my letter as I want to surprise my uncle, mother and father. Your little friend, Richmond, Va. Evelyn Sanders.

Dear Presbyterian: As you were so kind to print my other letters I thought I would write again. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday I can. My teacher's name is Miss Lydia Harrington. I like her just fine. I do not go to school now because I have been sick. I have a little pet kitten. Its name is Odillar. She is a very pretty kitten. I will close. Your Friend, Broadway, N. C. Bettie Kelly.

Dear Presbyterian: I thank you very much for printing my other letters, and I am asking for admittance again. Papa takes your good paper and I am looking forward for it every week. My birthday is the 22nd of January. I will be thirteen years old. I go to school every day I can. I am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Grey Thompson of Alamance county, N. C. I like her very well. I had a merry Christmas and I hope that everybody else did. All my friends came to see me and we had a good time. I am as ever, your little friend, Broadway, N. C. Irene McNeill.